
SONGS, &c.
IN
THE PRIZE,
OR,
2, 5, 3, 8.

PRICE SIX-PENCE.

SONG, C.

IN

THE PRIZE.

2.3.8.

PRICE SIX-PENCE.

643.4/3
15

SONGS, DUETS,
AND
CHORUS,
IN
THE PRIZE;

OR,
2, 5, 3, 8.

K

A FARCE,
IN TWO ACTS.

THE MUSIC

COMPOSED BY
Mr. STORACE.

1793.

CHARACTERS.

Caddy.....Mr. Wewitzer,
Lenitive Mr. Bannister, jun.
Heartwell..... Mr. Whitfield,
Label.....Mr. Suett,
JubaMrs. Bland,
Servants,Mr. Webb, &c.
Boy, Master Gregson.

Mrs. Caddy.....Mrs. Booth,
CarolineSignora Storace.

SCENE—*A Country Town.*

THE PRIZE.

ACT I.

SCENE, *A Room in an Inn.*

AIR. JUBA.

YOU care of money—care no more !
No tink, if you be rich or poor,
My mind employ ;
Me stay with you—no sorry—no !
And where away my massa go,
Go poor black boy.

“ Me figh with you, when you be sad,
“ And when you merry much and glad,
“ Me share your joy ;
“ For though my face be darky hue,
“ There’s still a faithful soul and true
“ In poor black boy.

You good to me—dat keepy here—
No, massa, dat you never fear
Long time destroy ;
Me know death kill, but leave one part ;
He never kill de loving heart
Of poor black boy.

SCENE, *An open Road before Mr. CADDY's House.*

DUET. CAROLINE AND JUBA.

Caroline. Ah! tell me, softly breathing gale,
Did you my voice obey?
Did you repeat the plaintive tale,
The tender sigh convey?

Juba. What singy? hark! so much me please!
How music set my heart at ease!

Caroline. Ah, faithless gales! ye were unkind,
Ye did no sigh convey——

Juba. That voice, me sure—have in my mind;
Who singy there, I pray?

Caroline. Ah! Juba!

Juba. - - - - - Miffy!

Both. - - - - - Is it you?

Caroline. Or only fancy still untrue?

Juba. Or only fancy tell no true?

Caroline. 'Tis he—

Juba. - - - - - Ifs, miffy, poor black boy—

Both. Then welcome hope, fond hope of joy!

Caroline. Go, haste, and let thy master know

Juba. Me haste to let my massa know

Both. The transport of my mind:

Caroline. Ah! may I hope, if he return,

Juba. Ah! may he hope, when he return,

Both. A constant heart to find!

SCENE, *A Museum.*

A I R. CAROLINE.

Oh ! dear, delightful skill,
The wily part to play,
And lead the swain at will !

I think I know the way.

With tears and sighs
I'll now surprize,
Now pleas'd awhile,
With smiles beguile,
And fairly gain the day.

While mistress of my art,
Each rule I know so pat,
To sway a lover's heart——
Leave me alone for that.

At school, when all would try
Our governess to cheat,
Then who so well as I
Could manage the deceit ?

With look so sly,
No sure—not I—
Dear Ma'am—not me—
It could not be—
You know I'm too discreet.

Now mistress of my art, &c.

ACT II.

SCENE, *a Museum.*

DIALOGUE. *LENITIVE and LABEL.*

Lenitive. From my hide-and-seek chin,
Sometimes out, sometimes in,
How flashy my mullin cascade is !
The pulse no more I squeeze,
But, as softly as you please,
I now squeeze the hands of the ladies.

Label. To all who complain,
Here I hold out my cane,
For Label a knight of the trade is ;
No hand so fair to me,
As the hand that holds a fee,
And I care not a pin for the ladies.

Lenitive. See! my gold cane and wig
I've hung up on a peg,
Hic cæstus artemque repono :
Gentility's my plan,
And I leave my journeyman
The care of the Publico Bono.

Label. The world if you try,
First of doctors am I,
For all ills that I know, and I don't know;
Deny it if you can,
Honest Label is the man
To take care of the Publico Bono.

Both. See! my gold cane and wig, &c.

SCENE, *A Parlour.*

AIR. CAROLINE.

Beaux yeux ! qui causez mon trepas !

Revenez en ces lieux

Pour finir mon martire !

Depuis votre depart

Je languis, je soupire.

Quand vous me dites—*good bye*, jusqu'au revoir,

How grievé mon cœur !—*leave me* en desespoir ;

Farewell plaisirs !—*no joy till* votre retour—

Ah ! *pity* ! quelque pitié ! *unto my* tendre amour !

Je meurs pour vos divins appas,

Et je n'ose le dire.

(11)

F I N A L E.

CAROLINE.

The changeling's fate we've set to view,
Our own depends alone on you ;
To-night, if we your smiles obtain,
We draw the PRIZE we sought to gain.

C H O R U S.

With anxious hearts we look about,
To see if Prize or Blank come out ;
More vain of you, than fortune kind,
Since you can see, and she is blind.

(11)

FINALE

CAROLINE.

The changeling's fate we've set to view,
Our own depends alone on you;
To-night if we your smiles obtain,
We draw the PRIZE we sought to gain.

CHORUS.

With anxious hearts we look about,
To see if PRIZE or BLANK come out;
More vain of you, than fortune kind,
Since you can see, and she is blind.

